

The Evening World.

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## THE SAN FRANCISCO MILL.

Times change and our opinions change with them. What if the dignified dominies who were Presidents of Harvard in the early days could see the present occupant of the presidential chair wheeling up North avenue on a bicycle? Would Dr. Eliot's predecessors approve his devotion to physical recreation?

What of the advanced and more catholic view which now sees redeeming features in a prize-fight where a generation ago there was no term of reproach too strong to apply to it?

Last night in San Francisco two young men stood up and pummed each other with their fists to the plaudits of assembled thousands while the eyes of millions watched the newspaper bulletin boards in towns and hamlets the nation over. Was it a brutal exhibition of slugging or an instructive lesson in the fine points of the manly art of self-defense?

The answer depends on the point of view. There seems to be tolerance if not approval in quarters but lately most antagonistic to the prize-ring and all its accessories.

May it not be said that in general the example is a good one to the youth of the land? It certainly carries with it no encouragement to vicious habits or to unmanliness. The youthful attention that has followed McGovern and Young Corbett through their vigorous course of training for the fight has received a lesson in self-control and hard work as the price of accomplishment that no schoolmaster could have so thoroughly impressed upon it. It was, to be sure, a lesson in the estimation of the physical above the spiritual; but is not that the lesson the colleges are teaching? Is not their finished product the athlete rather than the scholar?

The prize-ring has the saloon adjunct, which is deplorable; it has other features even more to be condemned. But if we consider it candidly and without hypocrisy, weighing the good it does against the evil, cannot we honestly say that there remains a balance of benefit in its encouragement of manliness in youths who might otherwise lack the incentive to strive for physical improvement?

## A WIDOW IN WALL STREET.

Mrs. Elizabeth Robinson, inheriting \$50,000 from her husband, but finding it not enough, sought to increase it by speculation in Wall street, and yesterday her friends heard with a shudder of her death by suicide. Her last dollar gone she blew her brains out.

It is an old familiar story worth more than passing notice now only because it points anew the moral of The Evening World's often reiterated advice to widows—"Don't speculate!"

Fifty thousand dollars is not a large fortune as New York fortunes go, but it was enough to support Mrs. Robinson in comfort and with some luxury and with the absolute independence of the world which many a less fortunate widow had occasion to envy her. Safely invested through a trust company it would have more than sufficed for her wants till old age. Is the husband to be blamed for his indulgence in leaving his estate to his widow free to dispose of without restriction? It is a question on which eminent justices interviewed for The Evening World failed to agree.

We wonder if there was any especially choice line of mining stocks that Mrs. Robinson was led to see the merits of by a persuasive promoter? Or was it West Virginia oil wells or Missouri lead mines or copper that lured her to part with her fortune? How many Wall-street dinners did the widow's money pay for? What share did it contribute to the support of a luxuriously furnished suite?

Presumably other widows with money to invest will not profit by Mrs. Robinson's fate; the rose color of a "straight tip" on a "sure thing" blinds the investor's eye as nothing else does, and the plausible voice of the promoter persuades against the dictates of prudence and the lessons of experience.

But the warning is given here again in the hope that it may hold some speculative widow to the straight and narrow but safe course of savings banks and trust companies.

## THE JOKERS' ANNIVERSARY.

We no longer let the animals loose in Central Park or play balloon hoaxes on this day dedicated to practical jokes. The buster the nation grows the less time it finds for exhibitions of Boettian humor. That province is now reserved for the small boy, and the person of adult years who enters it writes himself down an ass. He excites the ridicule of his fellow-men.

It is an improvement to be commended, yet there would be occasion for great regret if it could be truthfully said that we were losing our sense of humor. Appreciation of a joke is the saving salt that keeps men and nations perennially fresh and free from dry rot. To be uncoarse is a sad fault of the temperament, individual or national. It seems to be responsible for the prevalent opinion in Germany that Admiral Dewey is a "braggart" who ought to be soundly thrashed if it takes half a dozen squadrons to do it.

If Germany had one Artemus Ward or Mr. Dooley it could well afford to dispense with all the Count Revantons in its Almanach de Gotha.

## THE WAGES OF SIN.

That was a pathetic episode in the station-house after the arrest of Dobson for the murder of Peppier when Police Captain McNally in searching the prisoner sought to take from him a creased little sheet of paper carefully preserved in his pocketbook.

"Please let me have that, Captain," said the arrested man. "It's a letter from my little daughter." Tears trickled down Dobson's cheeks and his voice broke. He was allowed to retain the letter, which read:

"My Dearest Papa—I hope you are well. Your  
"ALICE."

A pretty face seen on the street attracted Dobson's attention two years ago and led to the intrigue which made him a murderer. We cannot suppose that with a wife in Washington to whom he was untrue and a little daughter of whom he was showing himself unworthy his double life could have brought him unalloyed pleasure. Must have been moments of remorse that

as it didn't pay for Pennell and as it doesn't ever pay. Dobson's station-house tears are creditable, but they do not wash away either his guilt or his remorse.

## DEPARTMENT STORE ATTRACTIONS.

It is pointed out that the competition which is the life of all trade has developed in department stores educational and recreative features of remarkable variety and scope. That is to say, it has been wonderfully stimulative in "free shows" to attract the buyer.

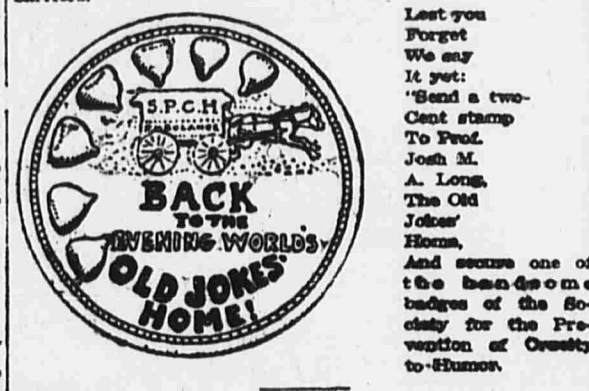
Until within recent years a woman going to a department store to buy made her purchase and departed; there was nothing to keep her longer. Then came provision for her comfort in a waiting-room, where she could rest and meet her friends by appointment. Restaurants followed, in some of which excellent meals are now served at reasonable rates. Then came decorative features, such as fountains; then music and art exhibitions. A recent addition is an automobile race-track.

Where is it going to end? May we look for vaudeville entertainments to amuse the customer between purchases? What if some store should offer continuous performances of the Proctor or Keith kind at reduced rates? The idea apparently has limitless possibilities of extension.

## THE OLD JOKES' HOME

109 East 85th St.  
AS FAME FINDS US!

THE above fact-finder is the name of gallant Fireman Patrick Hanberry, written in Gaelic! It was on a package containing several S. P. C. H. badges. That it reached its address promptly and was delivered to the proper person speaks volumes for the fame of the Old Jokers' Home and the efficiency of our New York letter-carriers.



Let you forget  
We say  
It's just  
"Send a two-cent stamp  
To Prof.  
Josh M.  
A. Long,  
The Old Jokers' Home,  
And secure one of the best of our badges for the Prevention of Cruelty to Humors."

Wearers of badges summoned the busy blue ambulance yesterday for the following:

A Slowtown Boy Cusses.  
Prof. Josh M. A. Long:  
I caught this the first day I wore my badge.  
"Willie, I'll whip you if you swear any more like that," protested the mother.

"How do you know I'm swearing?" cried WILLIE, turning on her sharply.  
"—that is—well, a little bird told me," mamma answered in some confusion.

Willie's lip curled in disgust, as he remarked contemptuously: "It must have been one of those d—d little English sparrows."  
PATRICK COHEN, S. P. C. H.  
Bound to Occur Captured.

Prof. Josh M. A. Long:  
Will you kindly accept the following old and feeble jokes, which I believe are fit subjects for your noble institution. See that they are taken good care of, as they are apt to take French leave at any time; so be kind enough to inform Officer Sullivan of the fact, so he can be on the lookout:  
Why is a woman like a musical box? Because she is full of airs.

Why is a tin can bound to a dog's tail like death? Because it is bound to a cur (bound to occur).

I heard something this morning that opened my eyes. What was it? An alarm clock.

"Say, Jim, I see Jack is getting quite cheery these days over the fact of his wearing swell clothes."

Jim—He can't throw a big front with me, 'cause I know Jack when he did not have a shirt to his back.

"When was this, Jim?"

"In swimming."

CHARLES SILVERMAN, Officer S. P. C. H.  
Elderberries from Staten Island.

Prof. Josh M. A. Long:  
Please confine this old fellow in cold storage, as he is suffering from hot air:

A young tailor named Berry, who succeeded to his father's business, sent his bill to M. T. Pockette ahead of time. Pockette, with virtuous rage, sent the following reply:  
"You must be a goose—Berry—to send me your bill—Berry—before it is due—Berry. Your father, the elder—Berry—had more sense. You may look very black—Berry—and feel very blue—Berry, but I don't care a straw—Berry—about your bill—Berry."  
J. M. L. West Brighton, S. I.

## Letters, Queries, Answers.

## Peanuts Grow Underground.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
How do peanuts grow—on the ground or underground?

C. R.  
"Jacobus" is Latin for "James."

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
What relation have the names of "James" and "Jacob" to each other?

C. W.

A Hint for the S. P. C. A.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I take this means to inform the S. P. C. A. of the cruel work carried on in the unloading of calves from cattle cars. I witnessed to-day a sight which I could hardly believe. The men deliberately pitched the calves, head first, into the yard. Others were kicked. That these poor little creatures are not killed when landing on their heads is almost a miracle.

O. S.  
To Justrow Alexander, No. 1 Hanover Square.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Please inform me through the columns of The Evening World where I will have to apply to have my gas meter tested, as my bills are unusually high—and what it will cost.

A READER.

As to "Cornelius."

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I ask for the discussion among readers of persons bearing the name "Cornelius." I find people bearing this name as a rule of a jolly disposition, witty and good-natured. Now, readers, speak up.

Miss J. P. V.

Cruelty to Animals.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Not one person in a hundred who owns animals knows how to treat, feed or bring them up. I never saw a sick or ugly dog but that its owner was to blame. Dogs learn quickly and only follow in the ways and teachings of their masters or owners. Bring them up in an atmosphere of kindness, keep them well-fed and clean, with plenty of

exercise, and there will never be a sick dog on the streets or a complaint made against one.

If the animal is a joy to us and a pet we should treat it as well as we would treat ourselves. Therefore, when we take our dog out for a walk it needs a drink as well as we do, and there should be places provided where the thirsty dog can get a drink.

E. S. G.

Justice to Waiters.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I would like to express my views on the subject of tipping. I believe the public do the waiters a great injustice by tipping them, for if the waiters did not get tips the proprietors would not depend on tips to help to pay them, and the proprietors would be compelled to pay better wages, which they surely could do, judging from the exorbitant prices they exact from the public. I contend that the proprietors of such places play the public for easy marks by allowing and depending on their tips to help to pay their employees. As it is, the public have to tip twice for everything they get or else are ignored and looked upon with scorn by the waiters.

E. S. G.

Is September a Lucky Month?

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Will some experienced reader kindly inform me if the month of September is unlucky or not in which to take a matrimonial trip? I have heard a number of different opinions, will leave it for readers to decide.

C. G.

Advocates Cremation.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Please ask President Cantor to have a public crematory erected for the proper disposal of certain of the dead of this city. The present system is a very dangerous one. By erecting a fine crematory on Blackwell's Island the city would always have the means for disposing of the dead in case of plague or pestilence. It would also be a great benefit to the poor of this city, who are being charged enormous sums by greedy undertakers. It would go a great way toward making cremation a reality.

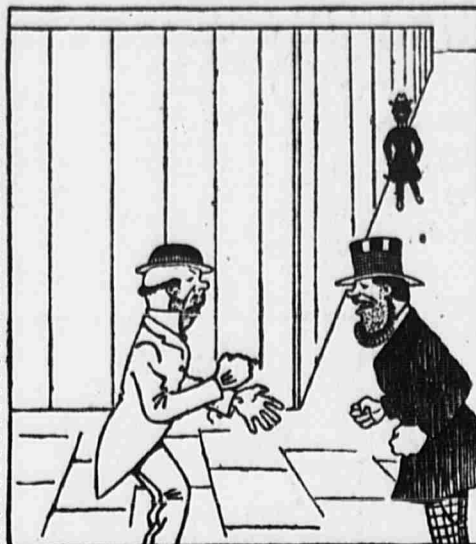
A. C. B.

What made the last tart?

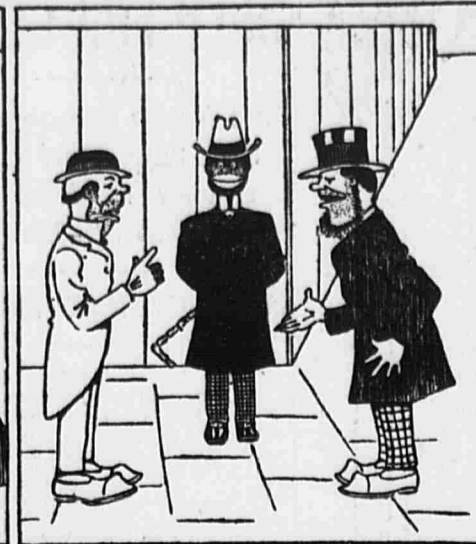
Because she didn't want to let the baker bake her.

The name of what character of the

## SWELL SAM IS INSPIRED TO SETTLE A DISPUTE.



Both—Stranger, we'd like you to settle a dispute. Does a ton of hay or a ton of coal weigh the most?



Both—Stranger, we'd like you to settle a dispute. Does a ton of hay or a ton of coal weigh the most?



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## A "MERE MAN'S" SUGGESTIONS FOR EASTER HATS.



## PERCY PERICLES AND THE GIRL.

Each Tells of a Thrilling Elopement—Margaret Wins.

PERCY PERICLES THIMBLETON (underly withdrew the penny from his buttonhole and placed it in a little glass of tepid water. Then, gracefully disposing of his cuffs, he put on his satin-faced jumper and busied himself with his counter. Suddenly his eyes lighted up and he turned to Maggie Mulligan and burst out with enthusiasm:

"Oh, Margaret, we have had such a romance at our house."

"Boy or girl?" queried Maggie, braiding her gum.

"A romance," continued Percy, with some show of temper. "Is what is vulgarly called a love affair. A love affair becomes deliciously romantic when it winds up in an elopement."

"Now, Teddy, Tinkles was one of the most young men in our house. He was very regular, and the landlady, Mrs. Haskilly, liked him very much. He holds an important position in a large grocery store downtown. Among the young ladies of our house was one little beauty. Her name is Flossie Nittson. I understand she is an actress. She has the most wonderful eyes in the world. They are so large and always shine like outstars. Her cheeks are always ever so red and she has glorious eyelashes—like great arches."

"Who's the architect?" interposed Miss Mulligan.

"Well," continued Percy, obviously, "I noticed that Teddy always turned red when Flossie came into the room, and one night I actually saw them holding hands under the table. Then he used to buy her caramels and on Saturday night chocolates. Once I saw him bring in a great bunch of roses. A real rude young man who saw him coming in asked him if it had been a nice funeral."

"Now, I could see that these two were made for each other, but Mrs. Nittson, Flossie's mamma, did not like Teddy, and once openly declared that she would rather have her marry a butcher."

"Now, what do you think! Last night they can away to get married. Mrs. Nittson was furious, and said she would have Teddy sent to Sing Sing for stealing her daughter. She called him the most awful names! Now, wasn't that romantic, Margaret?"

"Oh, I dunno," snapped Margaret. "We had one of them romantic things down to the Canarsie Crossroads, an' they got th' feller that 'loped in th' jug las' night."

"You don't tell me! How interesting!"

"Sure, they got him in th' cooler an' they got her back to th' house."

"Was she pretty, and what was her name, Margaret?"

"Dey called her 'Sussy' fer short."

"Did she reciprocate, Margaret? I mean did she return his love?"

"I dunno. She always gave him th' glad grunt."

"You mean she smiled approval?"

"Mebbe. But, ter cut it short, he 'loped with thy last night. They got him down to Clancy's farm, though, an' juggled him fer fair."

"And the poor girl, Margaret, did her parents forgive her?"

"Sure; she's back in th' pen."

"Why, what do you mean? Did they imprison her, too?"

"Back up, Percy; she's a bacon, an' they'll get a hundred weight o' pork chops out of her at th' killin'."

"Margaret," cried Percy, in high treble, "you are actually the rudest girl I ever met!"

WHAT JOHN BULL THINKS OF US.

London Punch's Comment on Dr. Stiles's Discovery of the "Laziness" Germ.

IN an age of rush and hurry, when you've scarcely time to tub,

When you shave in twenty seconds and you bolt your morning grub,

When you hurry to the station with a crowd of the profane, And you scurry through the paper in the early morning train—

In that vile suburban train, With its freight of human pain,

Where you ruin your digestion and your temper and your brain:

When you gallop through the morning and have scarcely time to crunch

Half an Abernethy biscuit as you snatch a lightning lunch, When the after-lunch tobacco you religiously taboo

As you hurry back to business on the very stroke of two— At that torpid hour of two,

If you've lunched as you should do, Not a care and not a worry would obtrude itself on you—

In an age when all is whirling in a ceaseless strain and stress It is good to hear they're lighting on the germ of laziness, And I hope the worthy doctor will elact to spend his days

In inoculating people and compelling them to lase— Ah, if only they would lase

And amend their how'd ways, We should see a happy ending of this hurry-scurry race.

## DUTY ON ART TREASURES.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

There is scarcely a week that one does not read of some art treasures of the world being purchased by wealthy Americans, and, owing to the enormous duty of 50 per cent, these works of art are stored in Europe to save the additional expense.

The object of charging duty is, primarily, to raise money for running the Government, and, secondly, to charge a duty of wealthy people heavily who can afford to indulge in such a distinct luxury.

In many cases probably it is the intention of our wealthy Americans to donate their art treasures to local galleries or public institutions before their death, and to encourage this liberality and to give the public the benefit of such art I would suggest, if it were possible, that Congress pass an act to admit free of duty under the following conditions:

All articles of art worth \$5,000 or more the Government is to admit free of duty, provided the owner will execute a deed of gift (before the article is taken out of the customs house) to a certain public institution. He may retain the privilege of keeping this art treasure in his possession during his lifetime.

If the donor does not wish to mention the institution he can state that it will be mentioned in his will, or he can state in the deed that the institution will be selected by three prominent men whom he may name in the deed as his trustees.

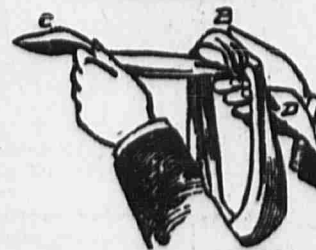
It may be made incumbent upon a person making such a deed to insure the treasures for the benefit of the institutions to which they are donated. In event of their destruction by fire the insurance will be presented at once to the said institutions.

Take, for example, the many art treasures of Mr. Morgan which are on present in Europe and which he may feel disposed to donate at his death. Such treasures will be brought to this country and donated to the nation.

W. M. DAVIS.

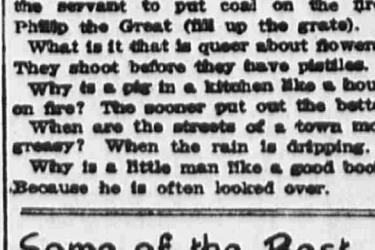
## HOME FUN FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

## THE MAGICAL KNOT.



A very entertaining trick is done with a handkerchief. A knot is tied with two ends of the handkerchief, and by apparently pulling the ends untied again. Why is it that is queer about flowers? They shoot before they have petals. Why is a pig in a kitchen like a house on fire? The sooner you get out the better. When are the streets of a town most greasy? When the rain is dripping. Why is a little man like a good book? Because he is often looked over.

## A BIRD PUZZLE.



What bird is represented? A "BOOK PARTY." Here is a list of books for a book social. They are all simple to carry out: "The Light That Failed"—a burnt match. "Time and Tide"—a string tied around a watch. "A Hot of Ink"—a blot on a large piece of paper. "Ivanhoe"—use a toy hoe. "Redskins"—a plate of red apple skins. "Ludie"—a picture of a shoe with the heel nearly torn off. "Moss-Side"—brush of moss pinned on the side. "Middemarch"—the words "15th of March" printed on paper. "Sign of the Four"—IV, printed on paper. "Under Two Flags"—a couple of flags worn in the hair. "Foul Play"—a chicken's foot and a pack of cards held in the hand. "Trickshot"—a paper—a toothpick, a wire and some paper. "Bill and Leather"—a piece of leather and one of silk. "A Storm"—a padded coat. "Whispering"—a fan.

## SOME OF THE BEST JOKES OF THE DAY.

## LOCAL DEMAND.

"These ice-boxes are made for our Chicago trade," explained the manager of the factory.

"Any different from the rest?" asked the visitor.

"Yes; they are fitted up to be comfortable when bartenders are locked in them by hold-up men."—Chicago News.

## SUPPLEMENTARY SET.

During a lesson in physiology Willie's teacher asked him if he knew the name of the last tooth people get, to which he replied:

"Yes; false teeth."—Little Chronicle.

## NEIGHBORLY CHARITY.

Biggs—I understand Blowitz has gone South for the rest of the winter.

Diggs—Yes, and I might truthfully add for the rest of the neighborhood also.—Chicago News.

## THE NEXT STAGE.

La Monte—I hear that Willie Wigwag is going crazy over style. He had padded shoulders, padded gait stockings and a padded chest. Wonder what he'll get next?

La Monte—A padded coat. Whistling.

The name of what character of the